



# QUARTERLY



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## Literature and Morality

In the world of literature there is increasing concern about the moral responsibility of writers. Must a work be morally sound if it is to be considered great, or even to be considered acceptable as good literature? Are the novelist, the poet, the essayist, as artists, governed by an ethical code, and if not, should they be? Is moral soundness a legitimate test of any artistic expression? This is the problem; it is not a new one. Recent trends in censorship, however, have galvanized the discussion.

Outstanding figures in the fields of literature, philosophy, and religion have defended or attacked one side or the other. (There is no middle way—the answers to all of the questions above are either yes or no.)

George Santayana has maintained that artistic expression of any nature is not moral, that is, it is by nature (and necessity) isolated from the realm of moral considerations. We may not ask of a work of art: is it religiously inspiring, is it based on a moral truth, is it destructive of Christian values, is it working to further human values, is it *good* for man to be exposed to it? For Santayana, art, including the finest expressions of literary genius, is isolated from the common experience of life as men know it. It ought to be judged apart—judged for its beauty, for its emotional impact, for its success in conveying feelings, for its stylistic excellence. The question which Santayana asks of a work of art is not: does it further man's goodness but: does it further man's happiness. The author, then, is not morally responsible, because the field of morality does not include the realm of the artistic.

Many others have followed this argument that a masterpiece of literature exists in and for itself. Indeed, we can enter into the work of art sympathetic-

ally if we are to appreciate it fully; but we must remember that it is *not* life, and therefore that it is not to be judged by life values.

Others there are who maintain that art and morality, that literature and life cannot be separated. John Henry Newman was such a one. He felt that religion and culture have common roots and common ends. Literature is not isolated and free from moral judgments.

Leo Tolstoy has considered a primary test of any work of art, literary or otherwise, to be its Christian validity. The literary work is greater or lesser as it succeeds more or less in conveying feelings conducive to improving the moral nature of those who read it, making them better Christians or better human beings. He, like Newman, sees no separation between literature and life.

We believe that it is the latter authors who present the sounder arguments. An appeal to experience alone will tell us that religion and culture are not two separate entities. We are affected by what we read—in our judgments, our attitudes, and our behavior. Man is by nature and by heritage a moral creature, and that morality infuses every part of his life without exception. It is obvious that the artist and the poet and the author are morally bound by a test of "good" and "true" when we consider that art (and especially literature) plays such an intimate part in our lives. The toleration or expression of evil or of attitudes which lead to evil *will*, by its very nature, unless the reader is incapable of thinking, affect the moral code of the reader, even if it is only to test it. Thus artistic expression is shown to be of a moral nature, and if it is such, then the artist, its creator, is morally responsible.

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## Antidote For Involutional Melancholy

I never thought I'd realize  
    The old persistent dream—  
But here I am at college:  
    Things are not what they seem!

But dreams alone are not enough.  
There's always all that other stuff:  
The where, the how; alas, how much;  
And do I have the brains; and such.

Yet, there were some who did not smile,  
Who hid their doubts from me the while,  
Who told me how to go about it.  
Such joy! I wanted so to shout it!

The rule said I must start from scratch  
Along with all the freshman batch.  
(But once in their vicinity  
I gained some anonymity)

\* \* \* \*

A summer first: Themes and themes about my  
    dreams,  
    About my life in far-off climes,  
    About the sad and happy times—  
Of these I wrote, oh, reams and reams.

Zoology was quite a chore  
With all its detail, labs and gore;  
"A frog he would a-wooing go"—  
And all this process I must know!

Mathematics was so fundam-ental  
(But, alas, to me was quite tangental)  
—Find the root and all that stuff!  
And not a speck of room for bluff.

However, in its favor  
Even I began to waver  
When I found philosophy  
Drawing on it constantly.

Kant and Hegel and Descartes,  
Please to tell me what thou art,  
Up above the world so high,  
Asking always how and why.

The cycled life of fern and tree,  
(Another summer's memory)  
Dihybrid crosses, seeds and fruit,  
And: Is it stem or is it root?

Sing a song about the rocks:  
What they tell of earthquake shocks,  
Fossils, faults, and their chronology—  
Never-need-be-dull geology.

Shakespeare. (Held in reverence by the prof)  
A play and quiz a day were not enough  
To take away the great bard's stature  
Or "let" our willing imprimatur.

Ibsen, Shaw and our O'Neill,  
Chekhov, Becque and Jean-Paul Sartre,  
Expressing what they think is real,  
Use art forms which do not congeal.

Ah, history—fascinating study  
Of what has gone before—  
Provides an apperceptive mass  
For understanding more.

Voices of modern poetry,  
Some obscure and some divine,  
With study and through osmosis  
Become ineffably mine.

Then there is music with its charm  
For to soothe the savage breast  
When the room for listening gets too warm,  
But tomorrow there's that test.

Beethoven, Handel, Mozart, Bach,  
And even Shades of Blue,  
More worlds of feeling to unlock:  
All this—and credit, too!

And so I could go on and on  
(For one more year, at least)  
And try to let my prattle prove  
That college is a yeast.

## The First Snowfall

I was awakened by the scraping of a shovel on the sidewalk below. I glanced at my watch on the desk beside my bed—10:30. That was exactly the time that it happened. I shut my eyes and tried to close out the vision. It was still there. It was over a year since that terrible morning. I tried to go back to sleep. I hated Saturdays with nothing to do. It was better last month when we worked overtime on Saturdays to get that big shipment out. Now with another slack between shipments, time dragged by—no overtime: the hours at the office were long and dull; too much time to think. And those giggling love-sick girls—during a slack period they talked and giggled more than ever. Julie was planning her wedding. I stifled a sob in my pillow and shut my eyes tighter—I didn't want to get up. Why couldn't I sleep? The scraping of the shovel continued. It must have snowed last night. The first snowfall of the winter—the first snowfall last year came earlier; it was November 9. I'll never forget. The vision came again. The sunlight on the newly white snow glaring on the hood and then reflecting on the windshield; the red Ford passing the mail truck in my lane as I came around the curve by Sheldon's farm: George shouting instructions at me; the wheels skidding on the hard packed snow; the crash; blackness. The scraping of the shovel grew louder. It was probably Ben clearing off the walk. Ben was so good. He was only a high school freshman when it happened but he understood, probably better than anyone else. There was no fawning from Ben, no "you poor, poor dear" type of sympathy. Younger brothers have such a genuineness about them. He cheered me more than I thought possible during those long weeks in the hospital. He talked to me about George when everyone else was tactlessly avoiding the subject. It was getting too late to sleep. Ben tossed a snowball at my window. George used to toss pebbles sometimes late at night; particularly during that last month. He'd walk me home, leave me off, walk half way to his house, then back again to say good

night. Those sweet days seemed so far away at times, yet so close at other times.

Ben promised to drive me to town before lunch. I stopped driving after the accident. I could never give myself the chance to take anyone else's life. I remember so well hearing George's gossipy old aunt in her shrill voice one day at the butcher shop. "You know, it's never the driver that gets hurt. It is the incompetent driver that is protected by the wheel. Oh - - - oh, of course, I don't mean poor, dear Dorya. That wasn't her fault, you know." Yet I know that I was incompetent. I took the life of the man I loved through my incompetency. I'll never drive again. I hated to get up into the cold room but Ben had basketball practice in the afternoon. I'd lost interest in basketball since George died. I had to buy a wedding gift for Julie. Mother wanted me to give her one of my gifts. "There just isn't any sense having all those beautiful things packed away, Dory. You're going to have to go through them someday and sort them out. There's no good reason why you couldn't give her that china tea set—the yellow one with the green ivy on it." I couldn't make her understand that I was too weak to open all that stuff. I'd planned so many things around those wedding gifts. No, I couldn't give Julie my tea set. That was for George and me.

I heard Ben stomp into the back hall, kicking the snow from his boots. "Hey, Dory, it's almost 11:00. You better get up if I'm taking you into town. You sleep too much anyway." I shouted down that I was on my way as I swung my feet out of bed and pulled on my robe. Gosh, it was cold, but the sun was bright. It was just such a day. In the bathroom I splashed some cold water on my face. I had driven over after George because his car was being overhauled for our trip to Niagara. We had last minute shopping to do. We tried to act calm and nonchalant, passing inconsequential conversation. Just two more days and we would have been man and wife.

George wanted to get married on Columbus Day; I insisted on Armistice Day. I won—but I lost so much. I felt the familiar trickle of tears as I smoothed on my stockings.

It was over a year; why did I keep going over and over it in my mind, day after day, month after month? There are always so many "ifs" and "whys" after an accident. Why couldn't I stop thinking? Why couldn't I have died with him? Mother says it's sacrilegious to think things like that—but I couldn't help feeling it. Life seemed so empty without him. I listlessly brushed my hair. "Hey, Dory, hurry up!! I've got the car idling." I grabbed my coat as I pulled the brush through the final stroke.

It was just such a day. We have a new car now though. The accident finished the old one. Ben was telling me about his possibilities for making first string on the basketball team. The sun on the snow

reflecting on the windshield—the vision came back and suddenly I thought of a re-enactment of the accident! Hope of death sprang within me! I eagerly anticipated the curve by Sheldon's farm. I wondered if George would be waiting, what death would be like. I had no fear; I had perfect confidence that this day of the first snowfall of the year was my day. Ben asked me if I didn't think he was a better center than Hank Parsons. We approached the hill before Sheldon's farm. I was calm and ready . . . The curve came. There was no mail truck, no red Ford, no skidding wheels, no re-enactment of the accident. "Say, Dorry, you ought to see that new red-headed kid play basketball. He comes from a pretty good school, I guess." Sheldon's farm was behind us. "When does the schedule begin, Ben? I'd like to see your games. It's been a long time since I've seen a basketball game."

Mary Shea '54

## The Robin

There is his voice on the wind;  
Dear, even if not rare.  
He is god of the hour, this  
Barrel chested shaper of air.  
The firm arch of his throat,  
The cocky pride of him,  
The near tipsy note—  
How unexpressibly fair!

## Mightier Than

A Word  
Delivered on saber steel  
Leaves its mark  
As the eerie squeal  
Of the hemp rope  
Will mar man's soul;  
Scatter his blood,  
But never dim his goal.

A Word  
Bites with jagged tooth,  
Sinks so deep,  
A gangrene, rotted truth:  
Amputate—  
Be rid of the stain;  
Rub hard, cut deep,  
You'll only feel the pain.

A Word  
Hammered like the rail spike  
'Til the head sank,  
No more a gleaming pike,  
Constraining,  
Marks clearly the destined way;  
Wrong or right—  
No sign is there to say.

A Word  
Built in a silent grey,  
Stirred with time,  
Assisted on its way;  
A brick,  
All blood-red from the Violent,  
A foundation  
For the temple of the Silent.

## For John Henry Newman, Ecclesiastical Fetters

The period between 1845 and 1864 is generally thought of as one of obscurity in the life of John Henry Newman. This impression is a result of the contrast between the tremendous public interest in Newman in 1845 when he entered the Roman Church, and again in 1864 when his *Apologia* was published, and the relative obscurity of his work between these dates.

Newman's most vigorous years fall in this period of obscurity: he produced many literary works; he gave numerous lectures before large audiences; he undertook a new translation of the Bible; he served as editor of the *Rambler*; the heartbreaking Catholic University project in Ireland occurred during these years; he defended himself against Giacinto Achilli's charge of libel, winning public sympathy (he desired none) and admiration (he required none).

In 1852, Newman was offered the post of Rector of the proposed Catholic University to be established in Dublin, and he accepted the invitation. During the Achilli trial, Newman had delivered, in Dublin, his lectures on the "Scope and Nature of University Education." Their success made him eager to continue with his work in Ireland: "My one object is that of hastening on the University matters." For two years, he waited patiently in England; he had not been officially installed as Rector, and his requests to have this matter acted upon before his going to Ireland were not answered. He was acutely conscious of the loss of precious time. He was eager to iron out the preliminary details as quickly as possible and to begin the actual work. The inertia chagrined him; nearly three years had already been lost! Finally, in February, 1854, official designation from Rome provided formal declaration that Newman was to serve as Rector. He departed for Dublin at once.

The Catholic University project was to be the most taxing and discouraging of Newman's labors in behalf of the Church. His first disappointment came in the form of the Irish clergy's almost unanimous

declaration that they anticipated failure if Newman proceeded with the project! They contended that there were not sufficient scholars to attend the University: the majority of the people were too poor; the wealthy young men were sent abroad to complete their education. Newman discovered that the educated classes were not in favor of the plan; rather, they actually preferred mixed education!

Newman had understood that he was to be given the right to choose his chief aides and make major staff appointments; this right was denied him. He made it clear that lay teachers should be appointed to the faculty; Dr. Cullen, Archbishop of Armagh, objected to their "secular influence." Newman was not consulted when staff appointments were made.

At this time, it was widely rumored, not without foundation, that Newman was to be elevated to the rank of bishop. The influence of the bishop's office would have aided Newman immeasurably in removing many of the barriers and in avoiding numerous setbacks. Such papal recognition would have given Newman a free hand in making staff appointments. The rumored elevation to a bishopric never materialized. Wilfrid Ward, in his *Life of John Henry Cardinal Newman*, explains: "The very traditions among the Irish Bishops which made the position of Bishop so necessary to him made it also, it would seem, unwelcome to some of them. And they stayed proceedings in Rome."

Dr. Cullen distrusted the intellectual man. He considered the University as primarily a political and an ecclesiastical asset. Newman, on the other hand, thought of the University as a center of religious training and of knowledge—knowledge that would prepare the student for the realities of Christian life. This incompatibility of views was to have tremendous bearing on the outcome of the scheme. J. Lewis May has this to say concerning Cullen's treatment of Newman: "Elaborate and skillful attempts have been made to explain the attitude and behaviour of that

dignitary. There is only one explanation. It is that he was grossly ill-mannered and behaved towards Newman in a way that the latter's fastidious and highly sensitive spirit could not endure."

In November, 1854, Newman delivered the inaugural address at the opening of the School of Philosophy and Letters. His tone betrayed a doubtful hope. The anxiety and anguish he had experienced had exhausted him. The State did not charter the University as Newman had hoped, and the State's failure to recognize the University weighed heavily on him; he considered it one of the main reasons for the hopelessness of the project. His admitted inability to control and direct men also explains, to a great degree, his lack of success in many of his Catholic undertakings, especially in Ireland. Newman may have had a winning manner, but he was no ecclesiastical statesman.

During the next three years (1854-1857), Newman was acutely aware that he was receiving little co-operation from the Catholic authorities in Ireland and in Rome: "This isolation, this atmosphere of misunderstanding and suspicion, not to say hostility, this entire want of sympathy with his deepest hopes, make up the tragedy of Newman's Catholic life" (*The Dial*).

In 1857, Newman was called back to the Oratory at Birmingham from which he had been on leave of absence. He resigned his rectorship, but remained nominal head of the University for another year before he was relieved entirely of his duties in Ireland.

Earlier in Newman's Catholic career, when he had been balked in a task in behalf of the Church, Bishop Ullathorne, his immediate superior at the time, wrote to Newman: "You know how difficult it is for those who are not intimately acquainted with each other in all the turns of their sentiments, not to mistake each other at times, when working together in one cause. How easily we misjudge each other and how soon we become critical." How applicable Ullathorne's views are to the many disappointing experiences of Newman in his dealings with his superiors and fellow Catholics in Ireland!

Periodically, there arose among the Catholics in England renewed interest in founding a Catholic University. After his experiences in Ireland, Newman always despaired of the success of any plan favoring the establishment of such an institution in England. Nevertheless, Cardinal Manning established

a Catholic University College in England. It is unfortunate that Manning did not profit by Newman's experience; the Catholic University College was a complete failure.

Concerning Newman's attempts to strengthen Catholic higher education in Ireland and England, some writers have tried to justify the Catholic authorities' treatment of Newman. In 1867, the Catholic authorities dropped Newman's plan to establish a branch of the Oratory at Oxford. Newman had worked for years to overcome seemingly impenetrable barriers to the success of his plan; and with success at last in sight, the plan was dismissed. In reference to the authorities' dropping the Oratory plan, Francis P. Duffy points out that the Roman policy was adverse to mixed education: "The Roman authorities were opposed to his going to Oxford but this was in accordance with a fixed educational policy of the period, which was adopted for general reasons without any reference to him." I find this argument unsatisfactory. Why subject a man to the hardship of raising funds for a school and for land and of preparing and planning the innumerable tasks coincident to the founding of an institution, when all the while the very establishment of the institution is opposed to a fixed policy? Had similar ecclesiastical restraints been heaped upon a man who lacked the magnanimity of a Newman, that man would surely have been permanently stifled.

Newman's attitude towards his Catholic career is especially applicable to his experiences in Ireland: "I have found in the Catholic Church abundance of courtesy, but very little sympathy, among persons in high place, except a few," and he continues, "but there is a depth and a power in the Catholic religion, a fulness of satisfaction in its creed, its theology, its rites, its sacraments, its discipline, a freedom yet a support also, before which the neglect or the misapprehension about oneself on the part of individual living persons, however exalted, is as so much dust, when weighed in the balance."

Newman's work in Ireland was not in vain. Many institutions of higher learning have since put into practice the ideas he proposed. Today, as living evidence of the esteem in which Newman is held by college students, more than eighty thousand men and women hold membership in approximately three hundred Newman Clubs affiliated with secular colleges and universities.

Time has provided perspective.

## Death of a Dream

Jonathan Wright rolled over in the warm bed, glanced through sleep-fogged eyes at his alarm-clock, and groggily announced to himself his intention to recommence sleeping with a mumbled, "Got fi' minutes more." In the realm of sleep five minutes is eternity.

He was walking slowly through the silent house. Whose house, he did not know. That it was a summer cottage he did know, for he could feel the sand grit under his feet as he ambled across the floor. The sun streamed in through the partially-shaded windows, and it was hot. The heat of the sun, as it beat in on him where he had lain napping in an overstuffed chair, had proved too uncomfortable for leisurely dozing, and he had awakened sweating and sticky. He was in his shorts, and the backs of his legs were impressed with the irritating weave of the prickly upholstery. He scratched them gently, until the flesh was pink. The heat, the sun, and the stillness of the perspiring air combined to make all action an effort, and the steps he took were slow, measured, leaden.

He tried to focus his eyes on the dim, moving room, but failed. He tried to recall whom the house belonged to, what he was doing here. He could not. As often happens in that land between waking and sleeping, he thought where he *could* be, or *ought* to be. At once the room focused clearly, and his mind imposed order on it. Ah, this was the summer cottage of his fiancée's parents. He, his fiancée, and his best friend were spending the week-end here, before his friend was to leave on some trip. Now he remembered. Ken was shipping out on a Mediterranean cruise with his aircraft carrier on Monday. He and Ken and Gail were relaxing at her parents' cottage before he left. It was an informal send-off, wasn't it? Yes, that was it. Gad, it was quiet in the house. Where were Ken and Gail? Oh, they're probably out on the beach, swimming. The sand must be broiling today.



His heart warmed when he thought of Ken. They had grown up together, as friends quite frequently do. A swell person, Ken, the best friend a fellow could have. As boys, they had been shy, not prone to extroversion. Each had many passing acquaintances, but when it came to the frequent crises of adolescent life, each knew he could rely on the other. They had not drifted apart in recent years, but had become closer friends, both attending the same far-away college, both graduating together. When Jonathan met Gail, Ken had not been cut off from his friendship. Instead, Gail had taken an immediate liking to him, and they often double-dated together. And when Ken was unable to get a date, the three of them formed a happy triangle.

He sighed as he thought of Gail, and took another laborious step across the gritty floor of the cottage. Gail was the first girl he had ever been serious with, mainly because he had been unable to overcome a certain awe and fear he had of women. He would sometimes wait months before marshalling enough courage to quakingly ask a girl for a date. With Gail this had not been so. Gail, somehow, seemed to exude an aura of sensuality so irresistible that even as obstinate an introvert as Jonathan could not help but succumb to her animal magnetism, her physical lust for life. And now they were engaged, imagine that. He could feel himself smile with inward joy, thinking of that pleasant fact as he wended his hypnotized way, slowly across the room. Where *was* everyone, he thought.

A patch of delicately blended gold and blue, lying in a streak of sunlight, caught his eye. Gail had probably dropped her kerchief again. Ken had given her this gossamer memento the night before he had enlisted in the Navy. Jonathan remembered, she had dropped it *then*, and it had taken fully three seconds for it to float to the floor. They had amused themselves, dropping and timing the downward flight of the painted cobweb. Gail, in a jesting mood, had remarked to Ken that if he would give her two more like this one she could make from them a beautiful bathing suit. Ken had earnestly promised that he would, and gaily voiced his impatient anticipation of seeing what he jovially termed an "abridged dance of the seven veils." Jonathan had laughed, full of affection for both Gail and his good-natured friend.

The heat of the sun oppressed his moist arm as he bent to pick up the fallen kerchief. Then, slowly and deliberately straightening up, he caught a

glimpse, down the darkened interior passageway, of what looked like another similar scarf lying on the floor. What's that? She had only one, he thought. Curious to see what this was he plodded down the dim hall, to find confronting him, before the door to his bedroom, a scarf identical with the one he held in his sweaty hand. He looked at it in astonishment, puzzled as to whence it came. He picked it up, eyed it with admiration. Well, now Gail could lose one without worrying, he mused to himself. She was always losing something. Where the devil *was* she? The thought was beginning to irritate him.

Once again, the familiar blur of blue and gold caught his eye. He glanced casually in to the bedroom. His brain stopped, dumb, frozen. Two forms lay stretched on the bed: Ken, moist with sweat, one hand flung over the edge, the third kerchief dangling from his limp fingers. Next to him, in contented sleep, arms twined about his glistening neck, lay Gail.

A billion bells shrieked and jangled inside his head, their shrill cacophony ripped at every nerve, tore his ears and eyes to shreds, raced wildly through his throbbing skull, rose and rose and pounded at his brain in a frenzied crescendo of scarlet hate as . . .

Jonathan sleepily reached out, flicked the switch on the singing clock, and rolled over for a wink or two more.

He was walking slowly through the silent house. Where, or when, or why, he could not fathom as the room swirled about him, coming into focus and blurring again. It was hot and damp and still. The oppression of the heat stifled his moan as he realized that he was going through the same dream again. Powerless to resist the eddying currents of his subconscious mind, he commenced once more his interminable plodding. Across the living room floor he dragged his reluctant feet. The sand gritted, the heat tortured. The kerchief lay in the patch of sunlight. He tried to resist the compulsion to bend and pick it up, but could not. He sighed in anguish as he straightened, and sweatily fingered the silken scarf. Completely aware of what was to follow, he continued his inexorable march to the second kerchief, stooped, slowly picked it up. He averted his gaze from the bedroom door, knowing what he would see, loath to experience another similar shock. But an iron hand seemed to grip his head and steadily turn it toward the door. He struggled with the invisible force, gritting his teeth. His neck muscles

strained, the veins stood out on his temples; his whole face contorted with the effort not to see. Still he could not resist. His eyes slowly rose toward the bed. Perhaps it would not be so? Perhaps, perhaps?

Ah . . . it was not so. The air rushed out from his no longer taut lungs as he sighed with relief, and leaned against the door-frame, exhausted. It was not so, she was not in his arms. He cried for joy at the sight. For there was Ken, as before, prone on the bed, his body moist with sweat, one hand flung over

the edge, the fingers limp, but empty. Next to him, in contented sleep, arms twined about his glistening neck, lay Jonathan. . . .

Jonathan awoke, stretched, rose. He washed and dressed rapidly, carefully combed his hair, straightened his bow tie with mechanical precision, picked up and happily kissed the photograph of Gail that stood on his dresser. Then he walked out into the street, breathing deeply of the cool, clean, Spring morning air.

Nancy Motte '54

## Upon Graduation

Beneath a canopy of kindly trees  
The sparkling spring of youthfulness remains  
Exposed to many a sweet, caressing breeze,  
But sheltered from the slashing winds and rains.

Then from the stillness, solitary slips  
A playful brook, with carefree song and murmur.  
It runs and creeps through crevices and crypts;  
Then surges forth—with greater strength—a learner.

Past rougher rocks and promontories passes  
A spate of water, sturdy, strong at heart;  
Along the bank exuberantly lashes;  
Then reaches falls—

The stream must now depart  
To golden sands? Calm pools? or rocky land?  
There lies a course for it—For all above is planned

Arthur Berger '54

## The Paradox of the Universe Or Sacriligio Medeci

i like to think of trinities  
and all kinds of divinities  
but i can only add to two  
so there is little left to do  
except content myself with schisms  
and other kinds of dualisms

my life of length and width  
is quite conventional  
but i forever am in ecstasy  
in anticipation of the third dimensional

Sam Kaplan '56

## The Happy Universe

A single man dwelt in a shadowy cave  
On a dreary pile of unrelenting rock  
Which glowered over a barren plain  
And a straggling wood of stunted, twisted trees.  
This was the Universe.

A gloomy cloud about to spill forth  
A dismal sulky deadening shower prompted him  
To say that the cloud existed not;  
For that gray thing was not within  
The One True Universe.

## The Boy

### I

David looked happily at his large family, for this was the only time of the year in which they were all here together: his three sisters, two brothers, his brother-in-law, and his oldest brother's fiancée. He sat there listening to the soft, half-chanting tones of his father reading from the prayer-book. It was the first night of Passover. There was a clean white table cloth spread over the table, and in the center were two shiny, brass candlebra. The small flames from the flickering candles cast dancing shadows on their faces. On either end of the table there were two, large, glass-like containers of good, home-made wine, whose deep purple made a sharp contrast with the shiny white table cloth. On a large plate directly in front of David's father, there was a hard-boiled egg that had its shell peeled, an onion, dark red horse-radish, celery, a piece of parsley, and a small dish of salt water; the plate was surrounded by three pieces of matzoh. Everyone had a full glass of wine in front of him, and the aroma of roast chicken floated across the room and teased them as they nibbled on the matzoh and sipped wine in anxious expectation of the chicken that would come after David had asked the Four Questions.

A feeling of strength and warmth surged thru his young veins, and he wanted to shout for joy. It was Passover, and they were all here together. In his exuberance he poked Anne, his sister, in the ribs. She pinched him on the leg. He let out a cry of pain, and his father threw him one of those looks that said, behave or else. David was ten years old.

When his father went back to the prayer-book, Saul, his oldest brother, winked at him, and then turned to his fiancée and kissed her lightly on the back of the neck as she weakly protested that his father would notice and become angry. Mr. Levenson saw the goings on, but said nothing as he smiled to himself.

It is an old custom at all Seders for the father to hide a piece of matzoh somewhere around the

table and to pay a reward to whoever might find it. Ever since Anne and David had been old enough to participate in the Seder, it was the custom of the Levensons to sit back and watch the two bandits fight it out between them. David had just found it hidden under the table cloth near his sister, Ruth. They all congratulated him except Anne, who was pouting because she had not found it first. David, in his hour of triumph, promised her that he would treat her to a hot fudge sundae, with whipped cream, nuts, and a cherry on top as soon as Passover was over, and they would be allowed to eat ice cream once again. When Anne heard this, she grabbed him by the shoulders and began showering him with kisses while she told him how good he was and how much she loved him. David shook her off, and scowled at her while a deep red covered his face. Girls were always doing things like that; even his older sisters were always trying to kiss him. Why couldn't they leave a guy alone? He didn't mind once in a while, but you could only take so much.

Soon it was time for him to ask the Four Questions, and with a beating heart, he began in Yiddish: "Tarta ich will dir fragen die vier kashes . . ." When he was through, he sat down quickly, and they all told him how well he had said them. He laughed a little and gulped down some wine to cover up his embarrassment.

During dinner, Saul told a few of his funny short stories, and then his father came up with his famous "Henry Ford" story that he had been telling at Seders ever since David could remember. They all smiled and nudged one another, and when it was time for the punch line, they all chimed in as they had been doing for years, and every one laughed a great deal.

The highlight of the evening came after the dishes had been cleared away, when David's father led them in the old, Hebrew songs, his rich baritone voice rising above the others and filling the soft, warm air with its beautiful, lyrical tones. David

would look at his father now and then, thinking how big and strong he was.

The songs were so beautiful, and they made him feel sad and happy all at once; it was funny to feel this way. He even had a vague desire to cry; it was so funny to feel happy and sad all at once, and even want to cry. It was getting late, and the wine was making him sleepy. He yawned.

His mother noticed how tired he was and said that it was time for him to go to sleep. Ordinarily he would protest, but tonight he was too tired to say anything. He walked around the table kissing each one of his brothers and sisters goodnight, for it was not very often that they were all here together, and it was so comforting to go to sleep and know that they would all be here in the morning, and that they could all have breakfast together. His father picked him up on his lap, gave him a dollar for finding the matzoh, and kissed him on the cheek. His rough beard made a blotch of red on the little boy's tender skin, but he was too happy to mind. David dozed off to peaceful slumber with gay laughter and singing resounding in his ears.

## II

David was riding home on the bus from the part time job that he held in the super market. He watched the kids playing in the streets, yelling and laughing; he saw the dreary gray tenement houses passing by, one by one, like spectres in the hazy warmth of a spring evening. A mood of almost complete boredom had been with him all day, combined with a strange feeling of loneliness. His moods, he mused, seemed to be the essence of his being: despair, joy, despondency, ecstasy all coming in gigantic waves that swept before him with each new day. Any intrinsic meaning to life seemed always to be swept away by this endless tide of emotions that he could not always control. He was getting out of high school this year and by next fall he would be in the war with his older brothers, and he would see the fascinating mystery of life and death, of blood and brutality laid before his eyes.

"You can't eat now, David," said his mother; "you know how papa feels about the Seder, and how mad he gets when we don't eat together."

"Aw Ma, I got a big party tonight, and I gotta be outa here by ten. If I don't eat now before the Seder, I won't get a chance to later."

"Why can't you wait and eat with everyone else, big shot. It seems to me you could show someone else some consideration besides yourself for a change."

"Look, Anne," he was getting angry now both with her and with himself, "if I told you once, I told you a thousand times: mind your own damned business."

"Kinder, kinder, don't argue on the first night of Passover. You can eat now David, but remember that it's not right."

He felt guilty as he ate, for he knew that he was wrong. When he was halfway through his meal, his father came in from work. He looked weary, the kind of weariness that doesn't go away after a good night's sleep. When he saw David eating, he said nothing, but merely walked slowly into the bedroom to change his clothes for the Seder.

When he had gone, Anne said in a menacing tone, "Did you see the look in his eyes? Don't you have any respect for your own father? Look at you, you pig, eating away like an animal. Don't you give a damn for anyone but yourself?"

"Ma, get her outa here before I throw the plate in her face."

"Shutup you," cried his mother.

"Aww, why do we have to have a Seder this year anyway? What kinda Seder will it be without Saul and Eddy anyhow?"

His mother began to cry. You fool, he thought, why couldn't you learn to keep your mouth shut once in a while? Both he and Anne tried to comfort her, but what is there to say to a mother whose sons are in the war?

In a half hour his two older sisters and Dianne, Saul's wife, came in together, and the Seder was started.

"Look at him sitting there mumbling the prayers. He doesn't believe what he reads. How can he? Slaves all his life to stuff dirty money into other men's pockets—men who aren't half as good as he is. How can he stand reading that stuff? He looks so tired lately, and he never says much anymore, like he just didn't care about anything. Two sons in the war, and all he got left at home is someone like me who gives him nothing but misery. Why doesn't he stop mumbling that stuff? It's a farce; it's sacrilegious! None of us believe. What is there to believe?"

—the war, the senseless war that's sopping up lives like a blotter. Where's the God—where's the goodness? Why doesn't he stop reading—stop stop!"

Look at her. She's my mother. Look at the grey hair and the wrinkles and her eyes—the constant look of pain and agony in her eyes. She wants her sons; she wants them back where they belong. She's even crying now, but no tears come out. If she only let herself go, and cry openly. I can't take this place anymore! I gotta get outta here!"

He pushed back his seat, and jumped up, and ran out of the house leaving behind him the soft silence that was broken only by his mother's faint sobbing, and the low chanting of his father.

He stumbled down the street blinded by hot tears. He began to run, and then to jog, faster and faster. He stopped in front of an apartment house, and leaned against the brick wall, crying out into the lonely night. He began walking slowly towards his buddy's house. He needed his friends who spoke his language, the language of the second lost generation. He needed the liquor and the music and the girls, the girls who knew that next year David and all the others like him would be killing and dying in the war. He needed all his friends who had also grown up too quickly. He needed all those of the second lost generation, for they were the only ones who could understand. He needed . . . .

Kathryn Heintz '53

## Love's Empire

Their love was like an empire  
They built upon a rock;  
Their dreams were in the treasury  
But who possessed the lock?

Each shining kiss enriched them  
With silver and with gold;  
The power of love they knew then  
Few princes ever hold.

And they believed in empires  
Believed that their's was best,  
Until they saw it tumble down  
And crumble with the rest.

## On Parents and the Nasty Word

Providing the events occur in chronological order, society looks kindly upon men and women and boys and girls who marry and multiply. A man who reaches thirty, who is not of the cloth, and who is still free-lancing, is regarded as a mighty suspicious character around town. It is declared openly that he should have taken unto himself a wife ere now if, God knows, he ever intends to. If a woman, upon entering her third decade, has not yet plunged and stayed plunged, she is reduced to accepting invitations to affairs at places like the Y.W.C.A. Even these harbingers of happiness become less and less frequent should she fail to show some signs of action within a reasonable time. Not that the Y.W. is undemocratic, you understand. It merely attempts to avoid an accumulation of dead-wood. Any good merchant will tell you that the success of a business is directly dependent upon the rate at which goods are sold and replaced with new stock which is, in turn, sold and replaced, cycle-fashion. So you really can't blame the Y.W. for wanting as rapid a turnover as possible, now can you? Their gardens require careful weeding, else many beautiful flowers smother.

What, then, of the parents who gallantly advocate or, more often, persistently urge bachelors to marry and increase? What have these mothers and fathers accomplished to warrant their bragging? Chest-thumping parents most certainly outnumber the non-thumpers. With the arrival of every new infant, its parents receive messages of congratulation, as if they had just gained fifty-one percent of Ford. Would it not be infinitely more prudent to offer congratulations *after* their offspring had shown what kind of stuff they were made of? Why, it may be years, if ever, before the slightest indication of human worth is detected! Congratulations at birth are not only always premature, but downright daft.

At one time or another, all human beings have been afflicted with parents. So it is nothing short of

miraculous that a child ever "turns out well." That a child grows into adulthood a well balanced individual is not the result of parental guidance at all; it is in spite of it. We will all admit the truth of this statement, if only we will examine our consciences for a moment. Children were never meant to have parents. It is only by some accident of Nature that the situation exists at all.

The infant is not yet unswaddled when he encounters his first unfortunate experience with his parents. Unsatisfied with a mere Bibinski reflex, mother and father talk, for minutes at a time, in the most ridiculous gurgles. They look their child in the eyes, too, while they carry on so. Each parent knows full well that the eyes of the infant do not focus for some weeks after birth. Thus, the tiny creature cannot know that they are peering and gurgling at him, or at anything else, for that matter. Nevertheless, mother and father swear that the child is making positive signs of recognition: yes, yes, see? he looked right at me and smiled, he *did* . . . oh!

When the child begins school, mother and father attempt to motivate him to study by threatening to abolish the Saturday privilege of viewing Roy Rogers, should their darling's marks fail to improve. This is not necessarily a reflection on the character of Mr. Rogers or Trigger, though I have heard of parents who were skeptical about that, too.

Teachers of the primary grades will tell you that, with such a background, it is only through the grace of God and the teachers of the primary grades that boys and girls ever learn to read or write the English language. Even with this Divine and earthy assistance, twelfth-graders have been known to resist any form of communication with their teachers, excepting a nodding or shaking of their heads to indicate approval or negation. The years of parental gurgling have taken their toll.

If the child's personality has not been effectively undermined by the time he reaches six or

seven, it collapses then. It goes to pieces when the boy asks for the first time the momentous question: "Where did I come from?" This innocent query almost always results in one of two parental reactions: (1) gales of laughter; (2) stern advice never to ask such a question again, do you hear me now? you'll find out soon enough where you came from, and that'll be too soon, I'll tell you. The child rarely asks again, especially if he has met with the second reaction. Of course, he does find out "too soon," just as mother said he would. This is where the saying, "Mother's always right" originated.

Father, poor man, is neither anxious nor equipped to tell his sons (or daughters) anything about the "nasty word." In fact, he takes particular pride in whichever of his children never asks anything about origin. He will say publicly that he has one boy "who has a head on his shoulders; who's going to amount to something someday; who's always studying and not running around like the other rascals in the neighborhood." Like mother, father is also right: His child *is* a boy; he *has* a head which *is*, biologically speaking, on his shoulders; he *is* always studying; he does *not* run around like the other rascals in the neighborhood. Father's declaration that his boy will amount to something someday, may mean anything, may it not? Willie Sutton was, most assuredly, always studying; and he amounted to something, too. And judging from Willie's pictures, I'd say that, during his school years, he did very little running around with rascals, or with anybody else, either. Offhand, I can't think of any boy in his right mind who would not be scared to death if he were to just walk around with Willie Sutton. Yes, if you check up on Mr. Sutton's childhood activities, I'm sure you will find that he did no running around, not even on poorly-organized field trips, but was, rather, quite stationary during recess, and after school to boot.

Thus, long before the boy reaches puberty, he is extra careful to make no mention at home of the "nasty word." He guesses it's something nobody talks about to mother or father. Thinks about, maybe; but never talks about and never, *never* does anything about. No, sir. Shucks, maybe you *can* learn to play the piano by reading about it. Anyway, I'll wager that statistics show that vast quantities of today's parents were lauded and cloistered during the age of hooch, and that Fitzgerald is from Irish mythology.

Since ninety-eight percent of all high school boys attend burlesque as often as they can slip into the big city, and, simultaneously, ninety-eight percent of the mothers of high school boys know that their sons are in the remaining two percent group, it is apparent that somebody is making a terrible error in arithmetic. Old Howards all over the country will verify my assertion that the mothers of high school boys are, mathematically speaking, not too clever; and that their sons are, socially speaking, not only the most avid and organized rooters for the artists, but also the most enthusiastic of the patrons who purchase the surprise package during intermission.

I once knew a group of high school boys who often hitched into the big city of a Monday morning, playing hookey all the while. They visited neither the Boston Public Library nor the art exhibit at the John Hancock Building. Most always, they did procure folders, pamphlets, etc. at these establishments, in the event that they should have to account for their absence from school. Occasionally they did have to explain, and they produced tangible evidence of their quest for culture in the Hub. By senior year, they grew more adventurous, and neglected visiting even one of the accepted educational institutions; once or twice this practice proved unfortunate, though I assure you it did not permanently dim their spirits. And why should it have? These swarthy youths had acquired a wealth of knowledge about dozens of ensembles of flaming performers. And I'll warrant the dispensers of anatomical culture provided these fellows with more practical information than a carload of public libraries, or John Hancocks, either.

The reason I know all this is because they told me about it when they returned to school the next day. No, sir, I never accompanied them because I was: (1) always studying; (2) not running around with rascals; and (3) going to amount to something someday. Besides, I had a head on my shoulders. And I'll tell you, it's a mighty heavy load to carry without a little diversion now and then.

So you see, children do mature despite parental influences. I'm not expecting that parents can be done away with in the immediate future, as they are a pretty tenacious lot. Nevertheless, children *do* prefer the company of other children to that of adults; and mothers and fathers *are* detriments to the happiness of children, especially where the

"nasty word" is concerned. I'm sure that in heaven no such mundane arrangement has been made to increase the sainted population; and what's good enough for higher echelon is good enough for you and me.

Wait and see if either the atomic age or the

hydromic age doesn't produce a method whereby children can procure, on prescription, other children who are guaranteed to last only ten or twelve years. Then when one child asks of another, "Where did I come from?", the other child can reply, without embarrassment or nastiness, "From Liggett's, Thutmose." And mean it, too.

Winifred Charm '56

## A Blue-Spring Lane

Hoping to make the Past our Present,  
We swallowed the promise of a blue-spring lane;  
Winking hard against the promise of three blue  
clouds ignored in the wind behind us.  
And three young bulls, having snorted at our going,  
Walked back into the barn.

Earnestly lost in the calm blue lane,  
We waited, longing back a straw-haired summer . .  
—We were very hopeful—

Shattering the calmness,  
Gold-pawed sunset parted the rails and peered into  
our faces  
—We were not afraid—

At our backs, three blue clouds  
Back at the barns, three black bulls  
Waited very patiently for our wink to open.

## Tomorrow Rises From The Ashes of Yesterday

The band marched by, the weird light from the thousands of torches robbing the musicians of any semblance of real people. Behind them strutted the troops, bathed in shadows cast from the buildings and lampposts that wavered before the spectacle of Germany's new army. Each boot struck the pavement with a precision that was foreign to humans, creating a terrifying rhythm, which pulsed through the roaring of the crowd present. It seemed to go unnoticed, yet each German heart beat faster, so that that rhythm soon became its own.

Tonight, Hans Rheingold would speak. He would tell them of the new Germany to come, and of the greatness that was its due.

A young man, perhaps twenty, stood wide-eyed and thrilled at the curb. He was tall; his worn leather jacket covered a powerful body. His face was clear but hard; a common face for youth familiar with the hardships of the Occupation. There was strength in this face but it was a sullen strength, an almost evil strength.

Seated in a wheelchair at his side was an older man, whose blank stare hid the workings of a mind that tortured his body. He wore a well preserved uniform which could yet support a polished, but properly aged iron cross. One might wonder why he sat there, but should anyone glance downward, he would wonder no more; Herman Kraft needed but one shoe! The lone well pressed trouser leg didn't even seem to miss its fellow, which lay pinned up beneath the stump that preserved the memories of days and deeds long since departed.

"Uncle Herman, look how well they march! Not one out of line or out of step."

"Is that so much to appreciate, Karl?" It was a mocking voice, coming not from the man in the wheelchair, but from thirty years distance. It came through him, rather than from him. The old man appeared to be upset, as if trying to fight down some hidden voice within him which cried to be heard. When he spoke, it was this voice which came forth.



"When we marched in my day—" He was interrupted by a sudden roar from the crowd which pounded off the buildings, so that they seemed to lean towards one another for support.

"He's here, Uncle Herman! Look, and you may be able to see him!"

The younger man looked as if he were beholding a god, but his companion was deaf to those cheers; he had gone back many years to Munich. Even now he could hear and see Hitler and thrill to his prophets of power. He shook his head and returned to the present. Karl was screaming in his ear.

"Wait until you hear him speak! Then you'll know he's great!" The young man trembled as if in ecstasy.

"Karl, I heard this all so very long ago, really," the older man protested, almost feebly.

"Uncle Herman, stop it! Let's not start the same thing all over again. You were fooled then! You fought and lost! But we shall win!" He spoke with an anger that frightened his listener, causing him to press closer to his wheel chair. The young man went on in mounting anger. "Hitler was a fool, but Rheingold is a genius, a leader! With him at our head, we cannot know defeat! The world will be ours!"

"Stop it, Karl! Speak with some respect if not with sense, remember who you're talking to. I am your elder!"

"You stop it! My elder you may be, but you are old! OLD! Beaten once, you've remained beaten! Germany's future lies in young hands, young and strong as mine!" He thrust them before the older man and they quivered with rage. He went on:

"We're the best, we can win! The meek inhabit the earth! Well, let them! WE WILL RULE IT. Might will always triumph in the end! Uncle Herman, we have the might!"

Herman looked at the bright torches and the gleaming faces of young men eagerly watching their new prophet. He thought of his own leader of thirty years ago, and trembled. He spun his wheelchair about and painfully turned the wheels toward home.

The crowd was annoyed at having to move but on seeing the iron cross, they grudgingly made a path. Herman Kraft thought how it was that this came to draw its strength, not from those like himself, who knew and could remember the old days, but rather from young men like Karl, who believed what they wanted to believe, who had really nothing else to believe in, and who would pay for their ambition with their blood.

As he moved slowly away, the loudspeakers burst forth with the gospel of the new nationalism. Rheingold spoke with a powerful, frenzied voice, the kind of voice that could build a terrific tension in a mob. Herman Kraft kept moving, wondering how all these people could still believe that victory was still possible, after losing twice before. The words were familiar, and he knew that they were false, carefully calculated to arouse, but he felt himself being drawn magnetically by them. That feeling he had known thirty years before was returning. His experience told him to fight against it, but the words were raising his hopes. He kept telling himself that they couldn't win, but the eternal longing for victory over the world had been reawakened. It occurred to him that where Hitler had been only able to attempt victory, this great new leader could possess it and bring great glory to his Fatherland.

Sergeant-Major Kraft spun his wheelchair about and as quickly as possible moved back toward Karl. Yes, they would yet have another chance, perhaps . . . He could hear the oaths being hurled at him by those who had so recently moved to permit his withdrawal. They thought this old soldier insane. He drew alongside of Karl once again, but now they were as one. A good German, an old German, still faithful to the guns, sat and listened to his new leader.

"Karl, I've come back."

"Yes, back where you belong, where all Germany belongs! Where one day the whole world will find itself." Old voices and young mingled in a mighty roar.



## The Galleon

To Arms!  
The cry is war!  
Think not that thoughts of harm  
Breed stronger far from heaven's door;  
Unsheathe your swords and wield your bloody fate.  
The day has come; the land is greed; the seed was hate.  
While nature churns the raging sea, as war the hearts of men,  
Attack is answered by repulse, and death the only end.  
Here is the ancient code of sin revenged by sin;  
A clash of thunder spurns the rising wind;  
Dark birds take flight before the gale,  
Their shrieks an evil charm,  
The Galleon sails,  
To Arms!

OH, God!  
What be thy will;  
That men should run from war,  
Or hate what thou has damned and kill?  
Could man who comprehends, of love and birth,  
For love of peace, stand by and watch the rape of earth;  
Is not thy hand the driving wind that points the Galleon's way,  
Or has thy gift been warped by hell to lead the world astray?  
If nature lures the rational mind, in blinded trust,  
Then like the twisting vine, from dawn to dusk;  
Mankind would follow the circling sun,  
And choke life's tree 'till both  
In death would plunge;  
OH, God!

Stephanie Holmes '54

## Evidence

Murder!  
The blood drenched streaks upon the hill  
The shrieking wind! The cold frost's chill  
Cheer—slaughtering fingerprints! What skill  
Has left the ghost-trees naked, still?  
Fall came last night—crept in to kill  
—And no one heard her!

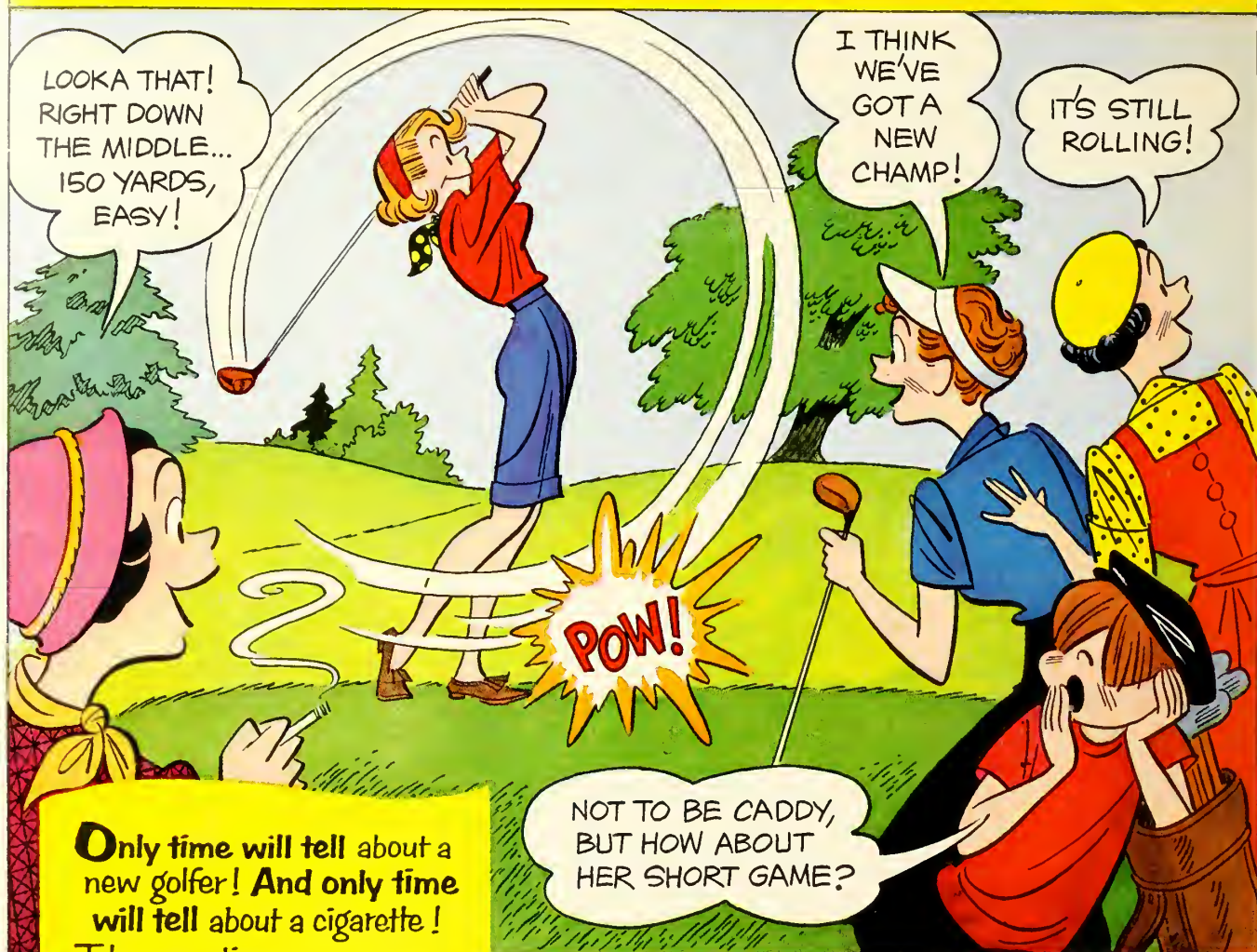
Donald Slater '56

## Loneliness

Loneliness is the sky,  
Without the friendly moon;  
Loneliness is a splash of light,  
On the wall of an empty room;  
Loneliness is a street,  
That has never felt the tread of feet;  
Loneliness is the rain,  
Spattered on an unwashed windowpane;  
Loneliness is a single cloud,  
In the vast expanse of empty blue;  
Loneliness is my heart,  
Empty of my love for you.



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